

DECEMBER
No. 35



BLACK HAWK

52

BIG FULL WIDTH
PAGES

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10c

JEHAD!

The dread cry resounds
across the burning desert
of El Shaitan!
A HOLY WAR!
Don't miss—
"THE BLACK DERVISH
OF DEATH"!

5
Complete stories!

Also in this issue—
"THE STRONGEST MAN
ON EARTH!"

"THE FIENDISH BRAIN!"
"REAPERS OF STARVATION!"
and a rollicking
CHOP CHOP
story!

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BLACKHAWK

And The STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH

AT ANYTIME SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD, AN EVIL MIND IS SCHEMING NEW WAYS TO DESTROY MAN'S FREEDOM! THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE MET AND SMASHED THEM ALL, FROM DELUDED WARRIOR TO WARPED GENIUS! BUT NEVER IN THEIR FANTASTIC CAREER HAD THEY FACED AN ENEMY AS WEIRD AND UNPREDICTABLE AS ATLO... "THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH!"



ONE OF THE BUSIEST SPOTS ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND IS THE GYMNASIUM WHERE THE FAMOUS BAND KEEPS IN TRIM!



BLACKHAWK



ACHTUNG! DER
WINNER UND
NEW CHAMPION
OF BLACKHAWK
ISLAND...
ANDRE!

KUMPFING KUMPFER-
BUBB! THAT'S WHAT
KIND OF A TACK-
RABBIT HOLD WAS
DAT, HAH? I'VE FEEL
LIKE I'VE BEEN KICKED
BY A MULE!



I JUST HAVE TO HAND IT TO
YOU, ANDRE! FOR VINCING I
RIDE ON DAS BERRY-
GO-BOUND FOR
FREE, HAH?

TIENS, CLAP,
BUT ZE HEAD-
LOCK YOU PUT
ON ME! MY BRAIN,
SHE STILL SPINS
FROM ZE PRESSURE!

BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT, HALF-
WAY AROUND THE WORLD, A FAR LESS
FRIENDLY WRESTLING MATCH IS ABOUT
TO BEGIN!



COME ON, BIG BOY!
LET'S GET THIS
OVER WITH!



AIRRR!

THAT'S WHAT I
FIGURED YOU'D
DO, BUB!



YOU HAVE SEEN ATLO,
THE STRONGEST MAN IN
THE WORLD, DEFEAT
YOUR CHIEF! ARE YOU
READY NOW TO ACKNOW-
LEDGE HIM YOUR
LEADER?

HEEEE!
WE BOW TO
MIGHTY ATLO!



UP AND OVER,
WISE BOY!



THAT'S IT ATLO! I TOLD YOU, A FEW GOOD
TRICKS AND A LITTLE STRENGTH AND
WE'D HAVE AN ARMY
READY TO FIGHT
FOR US!

YOU WIN, LUV! I
NEVER FIGURED SETTING
MYSELF UP AS AN EMPEROR
WOULD BE THIS EASY!



BUT THERE IS ONE AMONG THE WAILING INDIANS WHOSE VOICE IS SILENT—AS HE REMEMBERS A STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE PAST!



THIS INDIAN, INCALA, REMEMBERS A DAY IN THE WARM SPRING, WHEN A STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING MAN-BIRD FLEW ABOVE HIM AND COUGHED!



WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING! IMAGINE CRASHING DOWN HERE, WITH NOBODY KNOWING FOR A HUNDRED YEARS WHATEVER BECAME OF BLACKHAWK!



MAN-BIRD COMES DOWN! IF IT BELONGS TO THE GODS, INCALA SHALL WELCOME THEM! SACRED SMOKE GIVES WELCOME!

WELL, I'LL BE...! A LONG, EASY CLEARING AND A COLUMN OF SMOKE TO SHOW WIND DIRECTION RIGHT! I'LL COME DOWN IN ONE PIECE!



BLACKHAWK



WELCOME, MIGHTY BIRD-MAN! INCALA IS HONORED TO GUIDE YOU!

INCALA, EN? A NICE NAME FOR A FINE, FRIENDLY FELLOW! I WON'T FORGET YOU, INCALA! I'VE A LITTLE WORK TO DO HERE!



MY FUEL LINE IS FIXED AND I'M OFF FOR BLACKHAWK ISLAND, INCALA! BUT IF YOU EVER NEED HELP, JUST REMEMBER MY NAME... BLACKHAWK!

BLACKHAWK! IS GOOD NAME FOR FINE WARRIOR! INCALA WILL NEVER FORGET!



BLACKHAWK! BLACKHAWK! INCALA RUN TO CITY, SEND MESSAGE AS BLACKHAWK EXPLAIN! MAYBE HELP COME TO TRIBE AS PROMISED!



AND SO, MANY DAYS LATER...

...AN INDIAN NAMED INCALA, HALF DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION! ALL HE CAN DO IS MUMBLE FOR BLACKHAWK TO SAVE HIS TRIBE!



ANSWER THAT WE UNDERSTAND, CHUCK! TELL HIM THE BLACKHAWKS WILL BE THERE IN A MATTER OF HOURS!



WHO'S THIS INCALA, BLACKHAWK? YOU MEAN WE'RE FLYING CLEAR TO SOUTH AMERICA OVER SOME INDIAN STORY?

INCALA SAVED MY LIFE LAST YEAR, CHUCK, AND I KEEP MY PROMISE! HE WOULDN'T ASK FOR HELP IF IT WASN'T SERIOUS! LET'S GO!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

INCALA'S PEOPLE ARE A RELIC OF THE ANCIENT INCAS, LIVING FAR OFF IN THE MOUNTAINS! WE'LL LAND ON A MESA NEAR THEM!

OKAY, BLACKHAWK! WE'LL PUT ON WAR-PAINT AND JOIN YOU!



MIGHTY BLACKHAWK COME! THE GODS OF THE SKY HEAR INCALA'S PLEA!

SET UP, INCALA! WE'RE NOT GODS BUT MEN WHO HATE OPPRESSION BECAUSE WE'VE ALL SUFFERED IT! STAND UP AND TELL US WHAT'S UP!



THE STORY IS QUICKLY TOLD...

...SO ATLO KILL CHIEF, EN-SLAVE PEOPLE! HE MAKE ALL WORK HARD, DIG HOLES, MAKE IRON ROAD FOR BIG WAGONS!

A RAILROAD, AND TUNNELS INTO THE MOUNTAINS! OKAY, INCALA! WE'LL SOON SEE WHAT THIS STRONG MAN'S GAME IS! LET'S GO!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE HIDDEN INCA VALLEY...





OUTNUMBERED AND UNWILLING TO HURT THEIR ATTACKERS, THE BLACKHAWKS ARE OVERWHELMED!

RELAX, GANG! WE'LL SAVE OUR STRENGTH FOR A WALTZ WITH THE BIG BOY LATER!

GOOD WORK, SLAVES! FOR THAT YOU WILL ESCAPE THE PUNISHMENT I PROMISED FOR DERAILING THE TANK CAR!





SO! TELL YOUR PEOPLE THEY CAN HAVE THE BLACKHAWKS TO SACRIFICE ON THE ALTAR IN THEIR TEMPLE OF THE SUN!

I GO AT ONCE!



... IF THE BLACKHAWKS ESCAPE, NO MATTER HOW, YOU WILL TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE!

WE UNDERSTAND!



NOW WHAT, BLACKHAWK? WE ARE IN WHAT IS LAUGHINGLY KNOWN AS ONE HECK OF A PICKLEMENT!

JAWON! YE CAN'T FIGHT DER INDIANS YE COME TO SAFE, UND IF YE ESCAPE, YE DOOM DER POOR GUARDS TO DEATH!



THERE'S ONE HOPE, GANG! DID YOU NOTICE INCALA FADED AWAY WHEN THE SCRAP STARTED? HE'S LOOSE SOMEWHERE, AND ON OUR SIDE!

OH, WOEST! CHOP CHOP, WISH HE NOT LEAD SO MANY HISTOLY BOOKS ABOUT ANCIENT INCA PEOPLES!



JUST VAY HAS HISTORY GOT TO DO YIT DAS MUSCLEBOUND YERK OUTSIDE AND US INSIDE?

ACCORDING TO HISTOLY, INCA SACRIFICE ALTAR WHERE THEY TEAR OUT MAN'S HEART WITH VELLY DULL KNIFE! IS VELLY UNPLEASANT TICK!



SUDDENLY...

HESS! BLACKHAWKS COME QUICKLY! ANCIENT TUNNEL LEAD TO HIDDEN TEMPLE UNKNOWN TO CONQUEROR! ALL CAN ESCAPE ---!

INCALA! THANKS FOR THE DEAL, BUT WE CAN'T BUT IT! THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH!



IF WE ESCAPE, OUR GUARDS PAY THE PENALTY! BUT THERE'S STILL HOPE IF YOU'LL HELP US!

INCALA WILL DO ANYTHING FOR MIGHTY BLACKHAWKS! COMMAND AND I OBEY!



THEN CHANGE CLOTHES WITH ME, INCALA! I WANT TO SCOUT AROUND WITHOUT THE GUARD'S NOTICING ONE OF US IS MISSING!

MA FOI! ZEY ARE ABOUT 28 SAME SIZE, WEETH DARK HAIR! EET MIGHT WORK!



I'LL BE BACK IN HALF AN HOUR! I WANT TO CHECK SOME IDEAS I'M GETTING ABOUT ALL THIS!

IF YOU'RE NOT BACK ON TIME, BLACKHAWK, WE'RE COMING OUT THE TUNNEL AFTER YOU, GUARDS OR NO GUARDS!



I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT ATLO AND LUVA ARE AFTER! THEY'RE GETTING SOME TREASURE OUT OF THAT MOUNTAIN, AND IT CAN'T BE GOLD IF THEY USE A TANK CAR!



BUT FIRST I WANT TO SOLVE A COUPLE OF MINOR MYSTERIES! THAT ATLO'S SIMPLY TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THIS STEEL RAIL ATLO SNAPPED IN TWO SO CASUALLY, TELLS A WHOLE STORY TO SHARP EYES!



AND THIS TANK CAR HASN'T A SPATTER ON IT, SO HE CAN'T BE DRILLING FOR OIL IN THE MOUNTAIN! THAT LEAVES ONLY...



GREAT ATLO WILL BE PLEASED WHEN WE TAKE SPT TO HIM!

OOOFF!!



IT IS THE ONE CALLED BLACKHAWK! HE HAS ESCAPED FROM PRISON!

I DON'T SUPPOSE WE CAN TALK THIS OVER QUIETLY, BOYS...

BLACKHAWK



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



WELL, IF IT ISN'T OLD WIND-BAG ATLO HIMSELF! STILL PRETENDING TO BE A STRONG MAN, YOU CHEAP FOUR-FLUSHER!



BLACKHAWK





BLAME YOU, BLACK-HAWK! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MESS UP A SWEET SET-UP LIKE THIS?

TO STOP A DIRTY PIECE OF OPPRESSION LIKE YOURS!



OHHO!

STRAIGHTEN UP, ATLO, AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!



I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

THERE GOES YOUR BETRAYER AND FALSE LEADER! WILL YOU ALLOW HER TO ESCAPE TO TRICK OTHERS?



THIS IS IT!



HERE IS INCALA, WHO SAVED YOU FROM SLAVERY AND DEATH! HE IS FIT TO BE YOUR NEW CHIEF!

INCALA! HAIL INCALA, THE NEW INCA!

YUMPING YUPITER, I STILL WANT TO KNOW HOW COME YOU CAN LIFT RAILROAD CAR LIKE ATLO?

HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED THE TRUTH YET, GANG? TAKE A LOOK AT THE TRACKS WHERE THAT TANK CAR WAS DERAILED...



THE BETRAYER IS HELPLESS! WHAT IS YOUR WILL, MIGHTY BLACKHAWK? YOU ARE NEW CHIEF, HAVING DEFEATED ATLO IN COMBAT!

I CAN'T BE YOUR CHIEF, FRIENDS... BUT HERE COMES SOMEONE WHO CAN!



BLACKHAWK



FOR ALL IT'S IMMENSE SIZE, IT HARDLY SANK INTO THE SOFT GROUND! AND EXAMINE THE ENDS OF THAT RAIL. ATLO SNAPPED WITH HIS FINGERS!



SACRE NON+ZE END EES LIKE IRON ZAT HAS BEEN MELTED!

IT WAS, ANDRE ... BY A SQUIRT OF POWERFUL ACID FROM INSIDE THIS HOLLOW ORNAMENT! HE DID THAT WHEN HE HELD THE RAIL TO HIS CHEST!



AND ANYONE CAN LIFT A TANK CAR ... WHEN IT'S PUMPED FULL OF HELIUM GAS UNDER IMMENSE PRESSURE! THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE MINING!

HELIUM IS STUFF MAKEE BALLOON GO SKY-HIGH! BUT CHOP CHOP THEM! ALL HELIUM IN UNITED STATES!



EVERYONE THOUGHT THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF HELIUM WAS IN TEXAS! BUT SOMEHOW ATLO AND LUYA FOUND THIS RARE GAS POOL ...

ALL RIGHT! WE WERE DOWN HERE WITH A LITTLE CARNIVAL THAT WENT BROKE! THEN WE MET A SCIENTIST WHO HAD DISCOVERED THIS HELIUM ...



ATLO KILLED THE SCIENTIST AND I FIGURED THIS WAY TO TRICK THE INDIANS INTO GETTING THE GAS OUT OF US! WE HAD A MARKET ...

NO DOUBT! CERTAIN AGGRESSOR NATIONS WOULD PAY MILLIONS FOR A SUPPLY OF RARE HELIUM! NOW THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTRIES IN UNITED NATIONS CAN CONTROL IT!

A SHORT TIME LATER ...

WE MUST GO NOW, INCALA! WE'LL LEAVE THE PUNISHMENT OF THAT PAIR TO YOUR PEOPLE! IT IS THEIR RIGHT TO DECIDE!

THEY WILL RECEIVE JUSTICE, BLACKHAWK! AND SO WILL MY PEOPLE! I SHALL STRIVE TO RULE THEM BY YOUR LAWS! FAREWELL, FRIENDS!

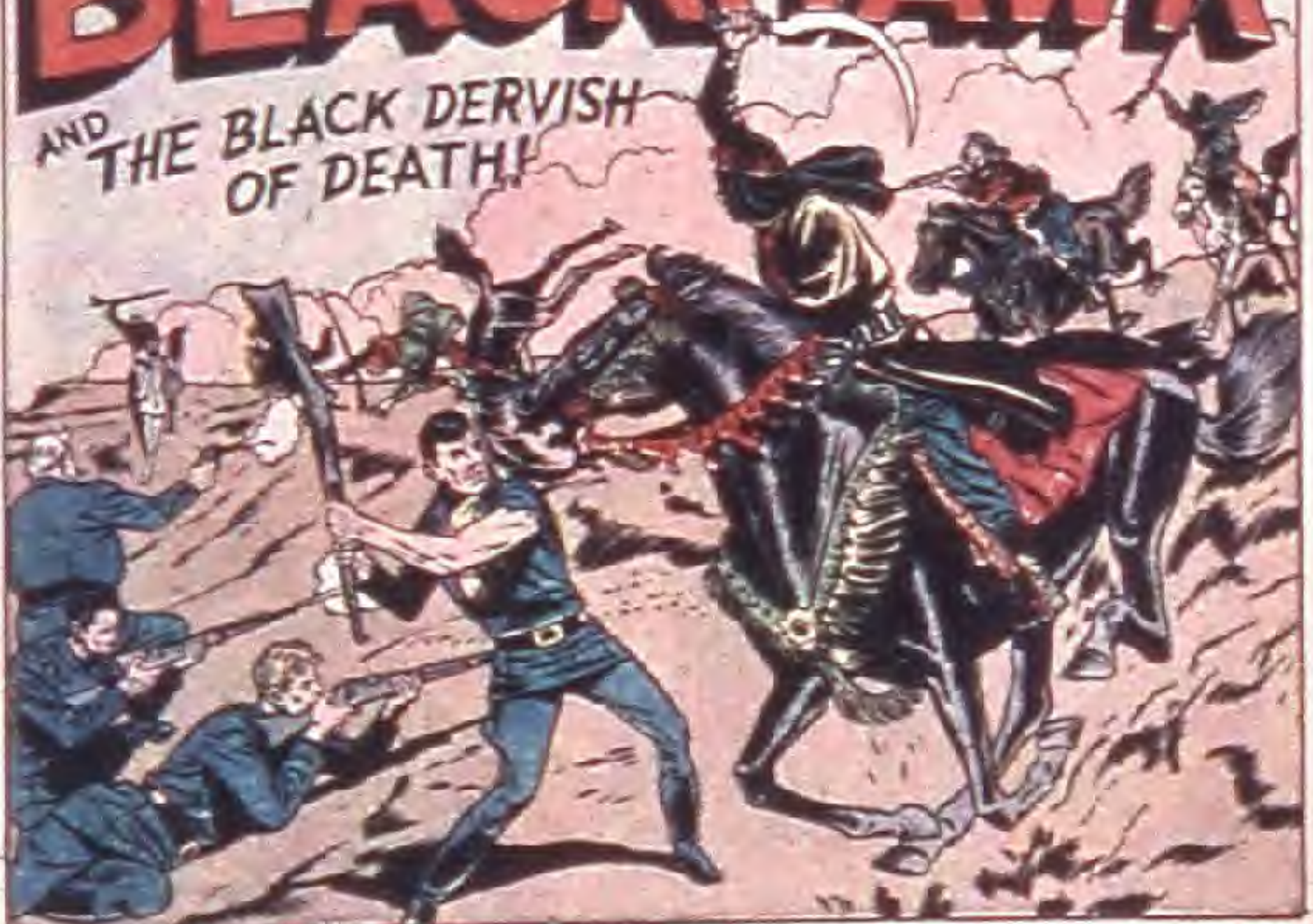


IN THE STRANGEST FOREIGN SPOTS WE SMASH THE TYRANT'S PLOTS! WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

AND THE BLACK DERVISH OF DEATH!



JEHAD! JEHAD! THE DREAD CRY RESOUNDS ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT OF EL SHAITAK. JEHAD... A HOLY WAR... LAUNCHED BY SAVAGE MOSLEM TRIBES... COULD BE THE SPARK THAT SETS THE EASTERN WORLD AFLAME! ONLY THE MIGHTY *BLACKHAWKS* CAN AVERT SUCH CATASTROPHE... IF THEY CAN TRAP THE MURDEROUS, ELUSIVE... "*BLACK DERVISH OF DEATH!*"

A FOREIGN LEGION OUTPOST IS THE FIRST TO FEEL THE FURY OF BURSTING HATREDS!





THEY'RE SWARMING OVER THE COMPOUND, RADUL! I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OUT UNTIL THE RADIO'S WORKING AGAIN!

TIENS! THE TRAITOR WHO WRECKED THIS DID A GOOD JOB! BUT I MAY BE ABLE TO GET OUT A SHORT MESSAGE IN A MOMENT, LIEUTENANT!



IT WORKS, LIEUTENANT! I'LL ASK AD-AL-KAZAR FOR A RELIEF COLUMN!

NO! WE ARE DOOMED ANYHOW! CALL THE BLACKHAWKS! THEY MUST STOP THIS TERROR BEFORE IT SPREADS!



CALLING BLACKHAWK! FORTRESS ABO-EN-KRIM CALLING BLACKHAWK! ATTENDEE!

HURRY! I WEAKEN FROM WOUNDS!



AND, HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD, ON REMOTE BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

OVER LAND, OVER SEA, WE FIGHT TO MAKE MEN FREE...

BRHH! JUST A MINUTE, YOU YUG-HEADS! AT AN GETTING VEEK MESSAGE ON DISTRESS VIVE LENGTH!



BLACKHAWKS! FORTRESS ABO-EN-KRIM... JEHAD... HELP!



DAWN ATTACK! AMBUSHION BONE! COME... ARSHHH!

FOOLS! IDIOTS! WHO PERMITTED THE INFIDEL TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEND OUT A WARNING?



WHILE, OUT OF THE BLACKHAWKS' ENORMOUS CARD INDEX OF THE WORLD'S OUTPOSTS...

HERE IT IS, BLACKHAWK! ABO-EN-KRIM, AN OUTPOST OF THE FOREIGN LEGION IN EL SHAITAN DESERT!

LET'S GOT A JEHAD MEANS A HOLY WAR, MOBILE AGAINST CHRISTIAN! ONE OF THOSE COULD SET THE WHOLE WORLD AFLAME!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

THERE'S AB-EN-KKIM! IT LOOKS WRECKED AND DESERTED BUT WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! I'LL BUZZ THE COMPOUND AND LOOK IT OVER!

DER IS NO SIGN OFF DER ENEMY OUTSIDE!



I'M AFRAID WE'RE TOO LATE, GARY! ALL I SEE IS DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! LAND NEAR THE GATES BUT BE ALERT FOR A TRAP!

YOU WERE RIGHT! THAT INFIDEL DOG DID GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO THE BLACK-HAWKS BEFORE HE DIED! YOU MUST GO INTO MOVING!

AND SEE OUR GREAT PLAN DIE FOR LACK OF LEADERSHIP! DON'T BE STUPID, MY FRIEND...!



YOUR NATION IS PAYING ME A FORTUNE TO START A HOLY WAR HERE, TO DIVERT ATTENTION FROM OTHER POINTS OF ATTACK!

BUT MY NATION IS NOT PAYING YOU TO SET THOSE CURSED BLACK-HAWKS ONTO OUR SCHEMES! I FORBID...



FOOL! NOBODY FORBIDS THE BLACK DERVISH OF DEATH! LET THE BLACKHAWKS HUNT ME DOWN... AND FIND THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION!

I GUESS YOU KNOW YOUR BUSINESS, SADI! YOU ARE DESERT-BORN AND EDUCATED IN EUROPE! THAT'S WHY WE CHOSE YOU TO AID US!

AND I SHALL! RIGHT NOW MY PEOPLE DIVIDE RICH LOOT FROM THE PORT! NEWS OF THAT LOOT WILL INFLAME ALL THE TRIBESMEN OF THE DESERT TO JOIN US!

MEANWHILE... NOT A SOUL ESCAPED ALIVE, APPARENTLY! THE SLAUGHTER WAS COMPLETE AND SO WAS THE LOOTING!

MIRACLES! BLACKHAWK, HIS ONE STILL NURSES THE SMALL FLAME OF LIFE! EET WEE! NOT LAST LONG, BUT...



BLACKHAWK

LIEUTENANT, YOU'RE GOING FAST! TRY TO FIND STRENGTH TO TELL US! THIS IS BLACKHAWK!

BLACKHAWK! OUR! LOOK FOR... BLACK DERVISH... OF DEATH! INVITING TRIBES... TO WAR... SPARE SPREADING! MUST HALT...

SADRE HUNT! HE EES DONE!

HE CLUNG TO LIFE LONG ENOUGH TO PASS ON HIS WARNING! BURY HIM WITH THE HONOR DUE A VERY BRAVE MAN!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

OKAY, BLACKHAWK! I CONTACTED FORT AD-AL-KAZARI! DEY BAN SENDING RELIEF COLUMN TO MAH DAS FORT AND BURY BOONES!

FINE, OLAF! BUT WE'D BETTER SCOUT THAT RELIEF COLUMN, JUST IN CASE SOMEONE LISTENED IN ON OUR RADIO CHANNEL!

WHILE MILES TO THE WEST...

HERE THEY COME! THERE WILL BE GUNS AND AMMUNITION FOR ALL, AND MUCH GLORY IN PARADISE WHEN THE INFIDELS ARE ALL DEAD!

ALLAH-IL-ALLAH! NOT A ONE SHALL LIVE TO TELL THE TALE!

THEY CANNOT ESCAPE OUR VENGEANCE! WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, OPEN FIRE!

BWAANGGGG!

READY! AIM! F... KKKKKK!

THE CURSED BLACKHAWKS! SCATTER!

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT ABOUT THEIR TRYING TO AMBUSH THE RELIEF COLUMN! LET 'EM HAVE IT, GANG!





BY ALLAH, THAT BLACKHAWK IS STRONG AND HANDSOME! I COULD ALMOST FORGET THE PROMISED GOLD FOR HIS SMILE! ALMOST... BUT NOT QUITE!



SO THE AMBUSH FAILED! I WARNED YOU ABOUT TANGLING WITH THE BLACKHAWKS, SADI...!

SILENCE, OTOS! THAT "TANGLE" AS YOU CALL IT HAS GIVEN ME THE KEY TO THEIR DESTRUCTION!



SEND COURIERS AT ONCE TO ALL THE TRIBES! HAVE THE CHIEFTAINS MEET HERE TOMORROW FOR A CONFERENCE! ALL MUST ATTEND!

AT ONCE, GREAT ONE! NO SHEIK WILL DARE REFUSE THE ORDER OF A HOLY DERVISH!



ARE YOU MAD, SADI? WITH THE BLACKHAWKS PROWLING THE DESERT, YOU CAN'T KEEP SUCH A CONFERENCE SECRET!

WHO WANTS TO? I SHALL BE VERY DISAPPOINTED IF THE BLACKHAWKS DON'T ATTEND WITH THEIR FRIEND, SHEIK BAR-IBET!



WHEN THEY'RE KILLED HERE BY ANGRY TRIBESMEN, THE SMALL JEHAD WILL BECOME AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!

AND MY NATION CAN SEIZE SATELLITE COUNTRIES WITHOUT INTERFERENCE DURING THE OUTBREAK! I BOW TO YOUR GENIUS, SADI!

MEANWHILE, AT THE SAUDI OASE...

YOUR COMING IS GOOD, SON OF LIONS! THIS BLACK DERVISH OF DEATH INFLAMES THE TRIBES TO BLOODY, PROFITLESS WAR!



I'M PUZZLED, SHEIK. BY WHAT HIS REASON CAN BE? WHAT CAN HE HOPE TO GAIN? HE'S MERELY INVITING SENSELESS SLAUGHTER!

MIGHTY ONE, A COURIER BIDS YOU ATTEND A CONFERENCE WITH THE BLACK DERVISH TOMORROW! ALL SHEIKS HAVE BEEN SUMMONED!

BY ALL MEANS, ACCEPT, SHEIK... AND TELL HIM YOU'D LIKE TO BRING SOME FRIENDS, SEVEN SHEIKS FROM DISTANT TRIBES WHO ARE VISITING YOU!



NEXT MORNING THE TRIBESMEN BATHER FOR THE CONFERENCE !

SHEIK MASSAM BID ! SHEIK IBRAH !
WELCOME ! PAVILIONS HAVE
BEEN PREPARED FOR YOU !



MIGHTY ONE, THE SHEIK BAR-
IEN APPROACHES WITH HIS
CARAVAN... AND THERE ARE
SEVEN ROBED FIGURES RIDING
WITH HIM !

IT WORKED !
SUMMON MY PRIVATE
GUARDS AT ONCE !



YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO !
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL,
SEE THAT YOUR HANDS
ARE STRONG AND DEADLY !

WE HEED, MIGHTY
ONE ! AT YOUR WORD,
NONE SHALL LIVE !



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GREETINGS, HOLY ONE ! I BRING
GUESTS, SEVEN SHEIKS OF DISTANT
TRIBES WHO WERE VISITING
WHEN YOUR MESSAGE CAME !

THEY ARE WELCOME !
DISMOUNT, SHEIK, SO I
MAY GIVE YOUR
GUESTS MY SPECIAL
ATTENTION !



TO YOU I GIVE SPECIAL GREETINGS !
MY MEN WILL ATTEND EACH OF
YOU WITH SPECIAL
CARE !

YOUR KINDNESS
IS OVERWHELMING,
HOLY ONE !



SHOW THE HONORED GUESTS TO
THEIR PAVILION PERSONALLY !

WE
OBEY !



SILENCE, DOGS ! ONE WORD
AND YOU DIE !

GUS-SAHNN !







BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

And the
REAPERS OF STARVATION!



TIME AND AGAIN THE SWIFT FURY OF THE *BLACKHAWKS* HAS LANDED TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH TO COMBAT THE EVILS THAT MENACE MAN'S FREEDOM! BUT THIS WAS A NEW APPEAL... A CRY FOR HELP FROM THE GREAT WHEAT FARMS OF AMERICA'S MIDWEST... FOR MILLIONS AROUND THE WORLD MIGHT STARVE UNLESS THE *BLACKHAWKS* COULD FIND AND SMASH THE VICIOUS... "REAPERS OF STARVATION!"

THIS IS A FAR-FLUNG STORY, FOR IT HAS ITS ROOTS IN THE TINY WAR-RAVAGED NATION OF REBOLD...



BUT SUDDENLY...



YOU! THE BLACKHAWKS!

SORRY, FRIEND, BUT YOUR TACTICS ARE BOTH ILLEGAL AND UNHEALTHY!

TIENS! ZE MORAL IS... DO NOT HIRE ASSASSINS WITH GLASS CHINS!

WHY, YOU'RE DAN POTTER, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN FOOD FOR FREEDOM COMMITTEE! BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL YOU?



SIMPLE, BLACKHAWK! STARVATION IS THE TOOL OF TYRANNY! PEOPLE WITH FULL STOMACHS ARE NOT SO RIPE FOR LYING PROMISES!

THAT EXPLAINS THE UNIFORMS! THESE TWO ARE HIRELINGS OF HAMAR, WHO IS RUMORED TO BE A STOGE OF THE TYRANT NATION!

I'LL SEE MR. POTTER TO HIS SHIP! YOU FELLOWS TURN THESE RATS OVER TO THE REBOLD AUTHORITIES AND MEET ME AT THE AIRPORT!

YEAH, SURE! JUST LEAVE DOSE YINGLE-HEADS TO US, BLACKHAWK!



WE'VE JUST COMPLETED ARRANGEMENTS TO DELIVER TWENTY SHIPLOADS OF FREE WHEAT THIS FALL! THAT SPELLS DOOM TO DICTATORS!

BUT KILLING YOU MIGHT STOP THE SHIPMENTS AND MAKE DICTATORSHIP EASY! I SEE NOW! BUT YOU'LL BE SAFE ON BOARD UNTIL SAILING!



MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET CHAMBER NEAR THE GOVERNMENT PALACE...



FOOLS! STUPID DOLTS! EVEN A SIMPLE ASSASSINATION TAKES THEIR FEEBLE BRAIN! AND BECAUSE OF THEM, I FACE FAILURE!

NOT NECESSARILY, HAMAR! IF REBOLD GETS FOOD FROM THE DEMOCRACIES HER PEOPLE WILL ELECT A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT THIS FALL!

THAT'S WHAT I HEAR, LILA! KILLING THAT AMERICAN RELIEF HEAD WOULD HAVE PUT ME IN AS DICTATOR WITHOUT QUESTION!

SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I BOTHER WITH MEN! THEY ARE SO SINGLE-MINDED! ONE SCHEME FAILS AND THEY CRY AS IF THEY WERE RUINED!





THE PLACE TO STOP FOOD SHIPMENTS IS AT THE SOURCE! NOW IF YOU WERE TO LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME...!

BUT THAT IS AMERICA, WHERE THE WHEAT GROWS! YOU HAVE NO POWER OR INFLUENCE THERE!



MY DEAR HAMAR! WHEREVER THERE ARE MEN... I HAVE PLENTY OF POWER AND INFLUENCE! I CAN STOP THE WHEAT SHIPMENTS!

YOU'VE NEVER FAILED ME YET, LILA! I'LL SEND YOU TO AMERICA AT ONCE! THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

WHILE AT THE REBOLD AIRPORT...

MONTHS PASS! THEN, ONE DAY, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

HAPPY GLEE! IS DISTRESS MESSAGE! MAYBE BIG FIGHTY-SOLAP WITH DIRTY CLOCKS!

COULD BE, CHOP-CHOP! I HAVE JUST ACCEPTED THE STRANGEST ASSIGNMENT THE BLACKHAWKS EVER GOT!

WE'RE HEADED FOR AMERICA'S MID-WEST... TO GUARD THE HARVEST OF A MILLION BUSHELS OF WHEAT FOR EUROPEAN RELIEF!

ACH, DU LIEBER...! MAYBE DER BLACKHAWKS SHOULD TAKE OUT A LICENSE TO FLY TRACTORS. HEH?



LET'S GO, GANG! WE LEARNED A SHARP LESSON TODAY ON THE IMPORTANCE OF FOOD IN WORLD POLITICS!

OH! FULL BELLIES CHOOSE DEMOCRACY! ONLY BE HUNGRY ACCEPT SLAVERY IN RETURN FOR BREAD!



FEW HOURS LATER...

THERE IT IS... A VALLEY OF RIPE WHEAT, DONATED BY THE FARMERS TO THE FOOD FOR FREEDOM COMMITTEE! A MIGHTY WEAPON AGAINST TYRANNY!



SOMEONE'S TRYING TO DESTROY THE WHEAT OR DELAY THE HARVEST LONG ENOUGH TO SPOIL IT! IT'S OUR JOB TO PROTECT THAT VITAL FOOD SUPPLY ABOVE ALL!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK, I'M SAN HOLLIS, HEAD OF THE WHEAT GROUP! WE JUST STARTED THE HARVEST! THERE'S BEEN NO TROUBLE SO FAR!

THERE WON'T BE IF WE CAN HELP IT, MR. HOLLIS! YOUR GENEROUS GIFT OF FOOD DESERVES EVERY PROTECTION!



THESE ARE THE OTHER WHEAT BROWERS... AND THIS IS OUR NEWEST CONTRIBUTOR, MISS LILA DEE! SHE DONATED HER WHOLE FARM!

YUMPING YACKRABBITTS!

WHEEW!

YIPSY-BLOODY!

SAPPHIST!



HMM! I GUESS THE BOYS NEVER SAW A STRAW HAT BEFORE! WHO IS THIS LILA DEE?

SHE CAME HERE FIVE MONTHS AGO AND BOUGHT THE SIMMS FARM! SHE PLANS TO RAISE FLOWERS FOR MARKET ON A BIG SCALE!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK! IT'S STARTED! SOMEBODY SET THE WHEAT FIELD ON FIRE!

WITH THE WIND THIS WAY, THE FIRE WILL SWEEP THE WHOLE FIELD! WE CAN'T GET PLOWS AROUND THERE IN TIME TO PLOW A FIREBREAK!



COME ON, GANG! WE'LL PLOW A FIREBREAK FROM THE AIR!

WHA...? BLACKHAWK, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? YOU CAN'T...



KEEP DIVING, BOYS! PLOW A STRIP SO WIDE THE FIRE CAN'T JUMP IT! I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR THE RAT WHO STARTED IT!

TIENS! DIS EES WHAT YOU CALL FIGHTING FIRE WEETH FIRE, NON?



THAT CAR IS THE ONLY MOVING OBJECT NEAR THE WHEAT! I'D BETTER GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER-LIGHTLY!





BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, BLACKHAWK? THIS LEVER WILL OPEN THE GREENHOUSE IF YOU MAKE A FALSE MOVE!

AND A HUNDRED MILLION HUNGRY LOCUSTS BETTER LOOSE TO EAT WHEAT! OH, WOE!

WASN'T I CLEVER, BUYING SOIL FROM SECTIONS WHERE A LOCUST PLAGUE HAD LEFT EGGS AND HATCHING NEW LOCUSTS WITH HEAT LAMPS?

NO ONE WHO PREFERS TO REAP STARVATION INSTEAD OF FOOD IS REALLY CLEVER, LILA! YOU'VE REALLY BEEN VERY STUPID....



KILLING YOUR OWN MEN TO SHUT THEIR MOUTH AROUSED MY SUSPICION! PRETENDING THAT POOR SOIL WAS GOOD FOR PLANTS MADE ME TEST SOME AND DISCOVER THE LOCUST EGGS!

YOU... YOU...!



BUT NOT EVEN THE CLEVER BLACKHAWKS CAN STOP BILLIONS OF HUNGRY LOCUSTS! WHAT GOOD DID YOUR SMARTNESS DO YOU?

IT SAVE ME TIME TO SEND FOR COUNTER WEAPONS, LILA! I HEAR THEM, NOW!



ANDRE AND HENDRICKSON CAN HANDLE THINGS NOW, GANG! LET'S GET THESE MONKEYS!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! I'M RELEASING THE LOCUSTS!



THERE THEY GO... STRAIGHT FOR THE WHEAT! BY MORNING THERE WON'T BE A GRAIN OF IT LEFT!

YEEPEERS, SHE BAN NASTIEST YELD-CAT IN COUNTRY, BLACKHAWK!



SACRE BLEU! WE ARRIVE NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, HENDRICKSON!

JA WOHL! READY MIT DER HOTFOOT, MEIN FREUND!



Chop Chop

WHAT A
BOOK! I LEAD
ONE CHAPTER
AND EVERYBODY
AFRAID TO HANG
ALONG OHP.
CHOP ANOTHER
MINUTE!



HAUK--LEFT HAND ON WHEEL--
LIGHT HAND ON TOES--SEE
ILLUSTRATION 59! THEN
PUSH, SO--!



IT WORKS! LAST LESSON
COMPLETED! CHOP CHOP
NOW PREPARED TO APPEAR
ON STREET OF BONG
KONG—WICKEDEST
CITY IN ORIENT!





BLACKHAWK

OUT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE—



WELL, HAPPY DAY! JUST WHAT CHOP CHOP NEED TO KEEP SCORE ON CLODS FLIGHTED BY FEROCIOUS I!



YOU D-DIRTY F-FAKER! YOU S-SAID THAT STUFF WOULD BLOW UP IF A MOSQUITO BREATHED ON IT!

GRAWWK! YOU N-NEVER KNOW! SOMETIMES IT DOES—AND SOMETIMES IT WAITS! I'M L-LEAVING THE COUNTRY RIGHT N-NOW!



LOOK! GOLD PENCIL WORTH AT LEAST \$1,000,000,000—CHINESE DOLLARS!

OR 10¢ AMERICAN MONEY! YOU BEND SKILL WITH HONORABLE BLACKJACK AND WE TAKE!



YIKES! THEY'RE GONNA BOP HIM CLEAR TO KINGDOM COME— AND US WITH HIM!

WE GOTTA STOP 'EM! THESE PIVING BRICKS!



MY-AY! CHOP CHOP NOT EVEN HAVE TO GIVE FEROCIOUS LOOK, PAGE 92, LESSON 7, AND EVIL ONES GO FANTY-FALL!

EEEEOCK!



I'M TIGER LILY, INTERNATIONAL SPY, HONEY! C'MON UP AND LET ME STEAL A SECRET! I NEED THE BUSINESS!

TOH-TOH! ONLY SECTET CHOP CHOP HAVE IS SECTET OF IRRESISTIBLE PERSONALITY! YOU LIKES FINE GOLD PENCIL, MAYBE?



PENCIL? YOU NOT SECRET AGENT FROM MANCHUKIA, HONORABLE JERK?

GEEK! SHE'S SHAKIN' IT! HALP!





OH-OH! COULD BE SOME IGNORANT PERSON MAKE SLIGHT MISCALCULATION!



WOOPSY-DLODDLES! CHOP CHOP SUSPECT THOSE CLOCKS UP TO NO GOOD! THEY GET QUICK TLEKMENT IN THERE!



YIKES!

A SHORT TIME LATER—



WELL, STLANGE INTERLUDE! TOUGH CLOCKS STILL AFLAID OF CHOP CHOP, EVEN WITHOUT GOLDY PENCIL BOOM!



IS MOST STLANGE! EVERYWHERE CHOP CHOP GO, EVERYBODY SCREAM AND LUN AWAY IN GLEAT FLIGHT!



COULD BE BOOK IS LIGHT, AFTER ALL! BOOK SAY—ONCE MAN LEARN TO BE DOMINATING, ALL WORLD IS AT HIS FEET!



EVELY SINCE BLASTY-BOOM BLOW CHOP CHOP THROUGH STRAWBERRY JAM FACTOLY, EVELYBODY AFLAID AND LUN LIKE LABBITS!

EEK! SMALL-POK! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE RED PLAGUE IS UPON US! SEE THE SPOTTED FACE?

Evil Challenge

It was just at sundown when they heard the strange plane roaring in over the low peaks of the Mustang Range, to the eastward. Sergeant Wilkins of the Aerial Police dropped a partly-gnawed sparerib on his mess plate and dashed out of the barracks. In this remote headquarters of America's new police force of the skies, strange planes were a novelty.

The plane swept down over the field, flying at not more than a hundred foot altitude. Black wings made a sinister cross against the deepening blue of the sky. The red flames of its jet exhaust spat crimson against the lengthening shadow of evening.

"What a buggy," shouted Lieutenant Spaine, shading his eyes to watch the jet job bank into the red ball of the setting sun. "Man, that exhaust thunder is just catching up now. But who in blazes is he? He's buzzing the field like the krauts used to do before they unloaded a packet of bombs on our bases in England during the war."

The plane swept back, lower than ever. Something bulky, trailing a white streamer, dropped from the cockpit and bounced across the landing strip. Then the jet tubes spat flame and fury and the black plane was gone, losing itself in the eastward shadows of gathering night, so swiftly that the human eye could not follow its flight.

Mechanics ran out and brought back the streamer-marked package. Inside, tucked among the lead weights and inside the thick wrapper was a single brief message sheet. Lieutenant Spaine read it aloud to the assembled aerial police pilots.

"Fly-Coppers," read the jeering message. "You think you own the sky, but I know better. We can go on fighting from here to breakfast, with you guys getting killed and me being delayed in my work. Why not settle it once and for all? I'll meet any pilot you choose, out over the Sultan Desert tomorrow morning at dawn in a fight to the finish. If you win, I'll be dead and out of your hair. If I win the name of the aerial police will be mud. The sky isn't big enough for both of us." It was signed: "The Black Raider."

For a long moment the very audacity of the challenge left them breathless. They all knew the Black Raider by reputation. He was a mystery pilot with an incredibly fast jet job, capable of flashing easily past the sonic barrier that marked the speed of sound, able to out-distance and out-manuever the finest prop planes of the aerial police. Time and again the Black Raider had struck in deadly, murderous attack on some treasure hoard. Time and again he had snatched his loot and fled into nowhere, shooting down helpless police planes with the ease of a lightning bolt against a horse-drawn wagon.

Lieutenant Spaine said savagely. "The nerve of the devil! He knows the Aerial Police are a new organization and that we haven't yet gotten the funds to equip our men with jet planes. Even if we'd consider such an outrageous challenge, it would be sheer murder to stack up one of our five-hundred-mile-an-hour jobs against his jet. He's mocking us, trying to weaken us by needling us into some kind of wild fury."

"Lieutenant," Sergeant Wilkins said suddenly. "let me meet that flying rat at dawn tomorrow. Give me the equipment I'd ask for and I'd bet my next year's salary that I could win in a dogfight."

"You're off your rocker," growled the Lieutenant. "What's gotten into you, Wilkins? Are you nuts? He'll shoot you out of the sky and all the newspapers in the country will razz us for inefficiency. Don't be a silly chump!"

"But if we don't accept the challenge," Wilkins argued grimly, "he'll bombard the newspapers with sneaking stories about how we're a bunch of cowards and phonies. In the long run, we'll be worse off risking the bad publicity than facing the duel."

"Never," Lieutenant Spaine shouted violently. "We're not a gang of gunmen to try our skill against every two-bit air-buzzard who wants to challenge us. Forget it and finish your dinner. We've got a weather drill on tonight. All hands on deck for meteorological class at eight."

Sergeant Wilkins sat through the class that night but his ears followed little of the con-

planted lecture. His strong young face was grim, his blue eyes lost in study. In his mind was a picture of that deadly black plane, of the goggled and masked pilot who had killed and robbed across the nation with the impunity of the swift. And tomorrow morning that goggled face would be looking jeeringly down at the police patrol field, mocking them for their cowardice. Likely as not the Black Raider had some daring exploit ready to pull in the morning as a final jibe at the helpless defenders of justice.

When class ended, Sergeant Wilkins broke away from the chattering groups and started out into the night. A mile away, at the far end of the field, stood the weathered building that housed the Museum Of The Air. Inside, as a tribute to the new Aerial Police, stood samples of man's efforts to conquer the air. Twenty minutes later Wilkins had Professor Thornton, curator and assembler of the Museum, staring at him dazedly.

"You've got to let me do it, Prof," Wilkins was begging earnestly. "You can see for yourself where we'll all be if we let that flying polcat get away with it again."

When Sergeant Wilkins hit his bunk that night, there was a smile of grim triumph on his face. But he did not sleep well and long before dawn he had crept from his blankets to run across the misty field toward the Museum where, oddly, lights were on the great doors that had been swung open to the sunrise.

The sun was a half-moon of flame on the eastern horizon when the police barracks awoke and men sat up, staring at one another in blank wonder, listening to the droning thunder that drifted across the airfield. Lieutenant Spaine, a terrible hint of understanding stabbing through his breast, ran in, saw that Sergeant Wilkins' bunk was empty, and ran outside.

Down at the far end of the field, in the dim gray light of dawn, a plane was taxiing with increasing speed, heading into the cold dawn wind. It was by far the oddest sight these modern fliers had witnessed as they raced out to stand behind the Lieutenant in gaping wonder.

The plane was an ancient Curtis JN-4, the "Jenny" of World War I whose immense bi-plane wing spread and lumbering slowness was now the laughing stock of an age of swift flight.

Its antique Ninety-horsepower OX-5 engine roared and coughed and roared again.

In the cockpit, gripping the unfamiliar maple stick that maneuvered the controls, Sergeant Wilkins mopped cold sweat from beneath his goggles as the Jenny lumbered down the strip and was slowly airborne. A single crude .30 calibre machine gun, mounted directly in front of him and synchronized to fire slowly through the spinning propeller, was his only armament. It was, he thought, a little like David, equipped with a broken down pea-shooter, going out to meet a cannon-bearing Goliath.

The Black Raider was suddenly there, his incredibly fast ship screaming over the horizon, wheeling and circling as if unable to credit his own senses. Wilkins tripped the loose gun and sent a burst of tracers across the Raider's course so there could be no doubt about his intention. The black ship whipped over and came thundering down, gun flame winking. Wilkins hung the Jenny on a wingtip and the tracers fled past.

Three times more the black killer ship made its deadly passes and every time it over-shot and missed. Suddenly it began to be obvious to the Black Raider, as well as to the men on the ground, that his ship was much too fast to fight so unequal an opponent. Because the raider was flying at nearly the speed of sound, the Jenny was in and out of the Jet's sight in the wink of an eye.

Plodding steadily, Wilkins circled the field. To the men on the ground he seemed to be losing altitude. The Black Raider winged over and came down in a head-on strike, holding fire until he could reach the bumbling, elusive, tantalizing antique.

When it came, Wilkins felt the Jenny shudder, saw splinters fly from the port wings. Then the black shadow swept over him and down. Even above the roar of his own old engine he could hear the crash as the Raider struck the ground.

Circling once above the flaming wreckage, Wilkins shook his head philosophically. "Just what I figured," he said. "If I could tease him into following me down, he'd forget his ship couldn't come out of a dive in time to clear the ground. Now all I have to do is figure how to keep Lieutenant Spaine from court-martialing me for hasty orders."

Sighing, Sergeant Wilkins headed the borrowed Jenny into the wind for a landing.

The story of *The*
**FIENDISH
BRAIN!**

BLACKHAWK



WHAT HOPE IS THERE FOR MIGHTY BLACKHAWK, SEPARATED FROM HIS MEN, HELPLESS PRISONER OF THE MOST MONSTROUS INSTRUMENT OF EVIL ON EARTH! FOR BLACKHAWK'S CAPTOR IS NEITHER HUMAN NOR ANIMAL! HOW, THEN, CAN EVEN THE STRONGEST HUMAN SPIRIT SURVIVE THE ORDEAL OF BLACKHAWK?

OUR GRIM STORY BEGINS
MANY MONTHS AGO!

I DON'T GET IT, BLACKHAWK! WHY ARE WE DELIVERING MICROFILMS OF ALL THE BOOKS IN THE U.S. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS TO THIS DR. VARGAN?

HE'S THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTIST, CHUCK! HE'S WORKING ON A SECRET PROJECT SO IMPORTANT NOBODY EVEN KNOWS WHAT IT IS!

NOBODY EVEN KNOWS WHERE HIS LABORATORY IS! ALL SUPPLIES ARE DELIVERED TO A LITTLE AIRFIELD OFF THE NORTH COAST!

TENSTEET MUST BE SOME KIND OF SUPER-BOOK WORM TO DIGEST ALL THESE BOOKS ON THESE MICROFILMS!



8 HOURS LATER...

THANKS, BLACKHAWK! SOON NOW I CAN REVEAL MY SECRET AND ASK FOR PROPER PROTECTION TO KEEP IT OUT OF EVIL HANDS!

THE WORLD IS WAITING, DOCTOR! EVERYONE KNOWS YOUR WORK IS DEDICATED ONLY TO PEACE AND FREEDOM FOR MANKIND!





MEET MY ASSISTANTS, MY STEP-DAUGHTER, INA, AND VALDO! THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW MY SECRET!

HOW THRILLING! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET THE FAMOUS BLACKHAWKS!



DAS BAN DER LAST BOX OF FILM, BLACKHAWK!

WE'LL TAKE OFF, THEN! THANKS AGAIN, BLACKHAWK! I'LL RADIO MY LABORATORY LOCATION WHEN I'M READY TO REVEAL THE SECRET!



THERE GOES A GREAT MAN, GANG... VANISHING INTO THE UNKNOWN WITH PERHAPS THE GREATEST SECRET ON EARTH TODAY!

JAWOHL! UNO IF SOMEDAYS SHOULD HAPPEN TO DR. YARDAN, DER WORLD MIGHT NEVER KNOW!

And now, MONTHS LATER, IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE EARTH...



GOOD WORK, GANG! THAT DISPOSES OF ANOTHER AMATEUR HITLER...!

BLACKHAWK, COME QUICK! GETTEE DISTLESS CALL ON PLANE RADIO IS VELLY IMPORTANT!



BLACKHAWK... HELP! THIS IS INA, DR. YARDAN'S STEP-DAUGHTER! MY FATHER IS ILL! HE WON'T LET US CALL ANYONE BUT YOU!

I HEAR YOU, MISS INA! GIVE ME THE LOCATION AND I'LL COME AT ONCE!



I DON'T DARE SEND IT ON THE AIR! MEET ME AT THE NORTH COAST AIRSTRIP WHERE YOU DELIVERED THE MICROFILMS! PLEASE HURRY!

I CAN BE THERE IN THREE HOURS! TRY TO HANG ON SOMEHOW!



I'M GOING ALONE, CHOP CHOP! TELL THE GANG TO CLEAN UP HERE AND RETURN TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND! I'LL RADIO IF I NEED THEM!

WILL DO! BUT CHOP CHOP NOT LIKEE THIS GO OFF TO SECRET PLACE ALL BY LONESOME-SELF! IS DANGEROUS!



THREE HOURS LATER...
MISS INA, I MADE MOST
OF MY FLIGHT BEYOND
THE SOUND BARRIER!
I HOPE I'M IN TIME!

YOUR
TRIP WAS
IN VAIN,
BLACK-
HAWK! MY
STEP-
FATHER IS
DEAD!



DEAD? BUT... BUT...!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM?

IT WAS SAD!
HE WAS STAND-
ING TALKING
TO ME, JUST AS
YOU ARE! THEN,
WITHOUT ANY
WARNING...



...HE WAS SLUGGED
ON THE HEAD FROM
BEHIND... JUST AS
YOU ARE!

AHHHH!



GOOD WORK! TIE HIM UP
AND GUARD HIM EVERY
MOMENT, MULK! VALDO,
YOU FLY BLACKHAWK'S
PLANE TO THE
LABORATORY!

RIGHT, INA! IT WENT
OFF JUST THE WAY
THE BRAIN PREDICTED!
WE'RE IN CLOVER!



TWO HOURS LATER...
HE SHOULD BE
COMING AROUND BY NOW, MULK!
EITHER HE'S FAKING OR YOU
HIT HIM TOO HARD!

HE AIN'T FAKING,
MISS INA! HE GOT
A PRETTY HARD
KNOCK BUT HE'LL
COME OUT OF IT!
HIS PULSE IS GET-
TING STRONGER!



HE'D BETTER SURVIVE! IF
HE DIES, I'LL ASK THE
BRAIN TO WORK OUT
PUNISHMENT FOR
YOU, MULK!

NO, NO, MISS INA! NOT THAT,
FOR THE LOVE OF MERCY!
HE WON'T DIE! I WON'T LET
HIM DIE! DON'T TELL THE
BRAIN!



THERE! NOBODY'LL EVER
GUESS THESE OLD RUNS
HIDE SUCH SECRETS!

UNTIL WE'RE READY TO
OPERATE, VALDO! MULK,
YOU AND WOOD TAKE
BLACKHAWK TO THE
BRAIN CELL AND
REVIVE HIM!

OOOH! SO IT WAS A TRAP AND I WALKED INTO IT, INNA! BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D HAVE YOUR OWN FATHER KILLED...

STEP-FATHER, BLACKHAWK! THERE WAS NEITHER BLOOD NOR LOVE BETWEEN US! HE WAS A VISIONARY FOOL WHO BLOCKED OUR PLANS!

WHAT PLANS? I BATHER HE WAS KILLED BECAUSE OF HIS SECRET PROJECT! BUT NOT AM I YOUR PRISONER?

BUT YOU'RE NOT MY PRISONER, BLACKHAWK! IF YOU FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO WALK, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR REAL CAPTOR...

MEET THE BRAIN, BLACKHAWK! THE FUTURE RULER OF THE WORLD! THIS WAS WHAT DR. VARDIAN WAS GOING TO GIVE TO MANKIND!

A MONSTROUS ELECTRONIC BRAIN! THAT'S WHY HE WANTED MICROFILMS OF ALL BOOKS! IT MUST STORE ALL THE KNOWLEDGE IN THE WORLD!



IT DOES! THE BRAIN WARNED US TO DESTROY THE BLACKHAWKS BEFORE WE TRIED TO GO FURTHER AND TOLD US EXACTLY HOW TO DO ABOUT IT!

IT CANNOT FAIL BECAUSE ITS ELECTRONIC PATHS ARE NOT SUBJECT TO HUMAN WEAKNESSES AND ERRORS, BLACKHAWK!

TO ASK A QUESTION, I SIMPLY TYPE IT ON THIS SPECIAL CODED TAPE THAT IS AUTOMATICALLY FED INTO THE BRAIN!

ASK IT HOW MANY OTHER DELUDED MANIACS HAVE THOUGHT THEY COULD RULE A WORLD BORN TO FREEDOM!



I HAD A MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION, BLACKHAWK! THE BRAIN HAS SORTED OUT THE ANSWER AND IS DELIVERING IT NOW!

VALDO! SEARCH BLACKHAWK'S PLANE AT ONCE...

THE BRAIN SAYS BEWARE OF A HIDDEN TRANSMITTER, AUTOMATICALLY SENDING A BEAM TO GUIDE THE BLACKHAWKS STRAIGHT HERE!

I'LL FIND IT! WE CAN'T TACKLE ALL THE BLACKHAWKS IN A BAND!

NO, BLACKHAWK! TOGETHER YOU ARE INVINCIBLE! BUT THE BRAIN HAS TOLD US HOW TO MAKE YOU BETRAY YOUR CONRADES... ONE BY ONE!



MEANWHILE, HALF-WAY ACROSS THE WORLD, ON
BLACKHAWK ISLAND...



MORDE! ENOUGH OF ZIS WAITING! EET EES NOT LIKE BLACKHAWK TO DISAPPEAR FOR SO LONG WITHOUT A WORD! SOMETHEENG EES WRONG!

JUST WHAT I THINK, ANDRE! I BAN READY TO GO HUNTING NOW AND BE SORRY LATER IF WE BAN WRONG!

JAPONLY! WE ALL GO, NEIN? MIT' OUT BLACKHAWK NOBODY FEELS LIKE DER TOMORROW IS IMPORTANT!

COUNT ME IN, GANG! I SAY, LET'S FOLLOW BLACKHAWK'S BEAM SIGNAL AND GET THE ANSWER STRAIGHT FROM HIM... IF HE'S STILL ON TOP!



CHOP CHOP LIKEE SUGGEST TAKE RADIO BEARING ON GUIDE-BEAM NOW... IN CASE GUIDE-BEAM SUDDENLY NOT ALOUD!

OUT! CHOP CHOP EES RIGHT! EEF BEAM CUT OFF, WE KNOW DIRECTION TO HUNT FOR BLACKHAWK, NON?

WH-CH! CHOP CHOP IS STILL OUR MASTER-MIND! BLACKHAWK'S GUIDE BEAM JUST CUT OFF SUDDENLY... AS IF THE TRANSMITTER WERE SMASHED!

MAIS OUT! BUT I HAVE ZE BEARING! ALL WE HAVE TO DO EES FOLLOW EET AROUND ZE WORLD, SEARCHING EVERY SPOT ON ZE BEAM!



2 Hours Later...

HIMMEL! DOT OLD RUINED CASTLE BELOW MIGHT BE DER SPOT! CHUCK UND ANDRE, DIVE UND INVESTIGATE, JA?

TRES BON! EEF NECESSARY, WE FLY THROUGH ZE RUINS, NON?



SACRE! ONLY A HELICOPTER COULD LAND ON ZAT AIR-STRIPP, DOTTED WEEH HUBE BOULDERS!

AND JUDGING BY THE SPIDER WEBS AND DUST, NOBODY'S BEEN INSIDE THAT CASTLE FOR CENTURIES! WE'D BETTER HEAD ON, GANG!



WE'RE SAFE! TWO BLACKHAWK PLANES PRACTICALLY FLEW THROUGH THE CASTLE AND WENT ON!

OF COURSE! NOW YOU CAN HAVE THOSE IMITATION BOULDERS MOVED OFF THE LANDING STRIP AGAIN! WE'RE SAFE FROM INTERFERENCE!



THANKS FOR THE GOOD MEAL, INA! IF YOU THINK EITHER LUXURY OR TORTURE WILL MAKE ME BETRAY MY CONRADES, THOUGH, YOU'RE CRAZY!

MY DEAR BLACK-HAWK, NOTHING SO CRUDE COULD COME FROM THE BRAIN! EVERY DETAIL HAS BEEN DELIVERED TO US... AND IT'S FOOL PROOF!



YOUR SPLENDID MEAL WAS DRUGGED WITH A NEW TRUTH DRUG, FURNISHED BY THE BRAIN! SOON YOU WILL TELL US EVERYTHING WE ASK!

NO! YOU... YOU COULDN'T! THERE ISN'T ANY KIND OF TRUTH DRUG THAT CAN BE ADMINISTERED IN FOOD!



HOW NAIVE YOU ARE, BLACKHAWK! THE BRAIN SUPPLIED THE FORMULA! YOU'LL GROW SLEEPY IN A FEW MINUTES... AND VERY TALKATIVE!

YOU FIEND, HEAVEN HELP A WORLD DOMINATED BY HEARTLESS BEINGS OF YOUR CALIBER! IF I... IF I...



...HEAD SO HEAVY! ...I'M SLEEPY!... CAN'T... KEEP... AWAKE!

THE BRAIN NEVER FAILS, VALDO! SEE, THE DRUG TAKES EFFECT IN EXACTLY THE TIME IT PREDICTED!



BUT INA, THE BRAIN TOLD US A TRUTH DRUG OF THAT TYPE WOULD BE FATAL! IT WARNED US NOT TO USE IT!

FOOL! ALL I USED WAS A COMMON SLEEPING DRUG! BUT WHEN BLACKHAWK AWAKENS AND THINKS HE HAS BETRAYED HIS FRIENDS....!



THE BRAIN TOLD US... ONLY MENTAL TORTURE COULD BREAK A SPIRIT LIKE BLACKHAWK'S! HIS SUFFERING WILL WEAKEN HIS WILL!

AND ONCE THE BLACK-HAWKS ARE DESTROYED, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE POWERLESS TO STOP US! WE CAN RULE THE GLOBE!



HOURS LATER... WAKE UP, BLACK-HAWK! YOUR USEFULNESS IS ALMOST ENDED! THE DRUG TOLD US ALL WE NEED TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR CONRADES!

YOU TREACHEROUS FIEND! I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF! I... I MUST HAVE TOLD YOU WHERE TO FIND THE RECORD!



NOW YOU KNOW... THE SECRET CODE, HOW TO REACH EVERY BLACKHAWK, HOW TO BRING EACH ONE SEPARATELY TO BE TRAPPED! OH-H-H-H!

RECORD? WHAT...?

SHHH...!



I WISH I WERE DEAD! I ... I THOUGHT I'D GOTTEN RID OF THAT PAPER JUST BEFORE YOU TRAPPED ME, WHEN I FIRST BECAME SUSPICIOUS...!

FOOL! BE QUIET! HE THINKS HE HAS TOLD US A SECRET NOT EVEN THE BRAIN HAS GUESSED!



THAT RECORD... HE MUST HAVE THROWN IT AWAY JUST BEFORE MUX STRUCK HIM! RETURN TO THAT AIRFIELD! COMB THE GRASS! FIND IT!

I'LL FLY THERE AT ONCE, INA! WITH SUCH A RECORD, WE CAN TRAP EACH BLACKHAWK SEPARATELY AND DESTROY HIM AT LEISURE!



THANKS FOR CLEARING OUR PATH, BLACKHAWK! NOW YOU MAY WATCH THROUGH THE GLASS WALL AS I ASK THE BRAIN FOR FURTHER ORDERS!

MY MEN... MY COMRADES! I HAVE BETRAYED THEM! I HAVE BETRAYED THE WHOLE WORLD!



I'VE GOT TO GET FREE! THIS MAGNIFYING WRIST-WATCH CRYSTAL CAN DOUBLE AS A BURNING GLASS...!

WATER! AT LEAST GIVE ME A GLASS OF COLD WATER TO DRINK!



TAKE BLACKHAWK A GLASS OF ICE WATER, MUX! AS SOON AS HIS MEN ARE TRAPPED, HE WILL DIE ANTHONY! LET HIM ENJOY HIS LAST MOMENTS!



THANKS, FRIEND! ICE-COLD WATER ON OVERHEATED GLASS IS JUST THE TICKET TO START A CRACK!

EEÉÉAH! INA! THE GLASS...!



AND A GOOD, SOLID SHOULDER SHOULD FINISH THE WRECKING JOB!

I'LL KILL HIM! IF HE GETS LOOSE...!

YOU'LL KILL NOBODY, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP FOR A WHILE!

GUARDS! STOP BLACKHAWK! HE'S LOOSE! SHOOT HIM DOWN!



WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANTED FROM HIM! KILL HIM NOW! TAKE NO MORE CHANCES!



OH-OH! THIS COULD BE POSITIVELY FATAL... IF MY TIMING IS OFF!

AT THAT MOMENT...

VOILA! BLACKHAWK'S ALIVE AND HERE ARE MANY FINE THINGS TO SMASH, NOW? WHAT MORE COULD WE ASK?

YOU LOOK LIKE ANGELS, GANG... BUT DON'T LET YOUR WINGS INTERFERE WITH YOUR FISTS!



SORRY, INA, BUT YOU FELL INTO MY TRAP! I SUSPECTED A DRUG SO I HAD THAT FINE MEAL INSTEAD OF EATING IT! I ONLY PRETENDED TO BE DRUGGED!

YEAH! AND YOU SURE WAS SMART, SENOR-DAS DUMB VALDO BACK TO DEN AIR STRIP SO WE CAN BE ABLE TO FOLLOW HIM HERE! YOU KNEW WE WOULD HIDE HERE!



OF COURSE! I KNEW ONCE YOU FELLOWS LOST MY TRAIL, YOU'D STAND GUARD AT THAT AIRFIELD AS THE ONLY CONTACT!

YOU TRICKED ME! YOU ONLY PRETENDED YOU'D THROWN OUT A RECORD THERE, TO MAKE VALDO RETURN SO YOUR MEN COULD FOLLOW HIM!



AN HOUR LATER...

WOWSIE! BIG CLICKY-CLACK BLAIN ALL SLOWN TO SMITHELEEN!

YES, CHOP CHOP! THE BIG BRAIN IS DESTROYED! THE WORLD ISN'T READY FOR A TOOL SO EASILY DOMINATED BY EVIL! AND AS WE KNOW, IT WASN'T TOO ACCURATE, ANTHONY!



YEAH, SURE! DAS SAN BIGGEST TIN BRAIN IN WORLD... BUT IT COULD NOT OUT-THINK BLACKHAWK, BY YEEPERS!

OH, OLAF! ZE SMARTEST BRAINS EVER BORN OR BUILT CANNOT DO ZAT WHEN ZEY TURN TO TYRANNY, MAIS QUI!





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